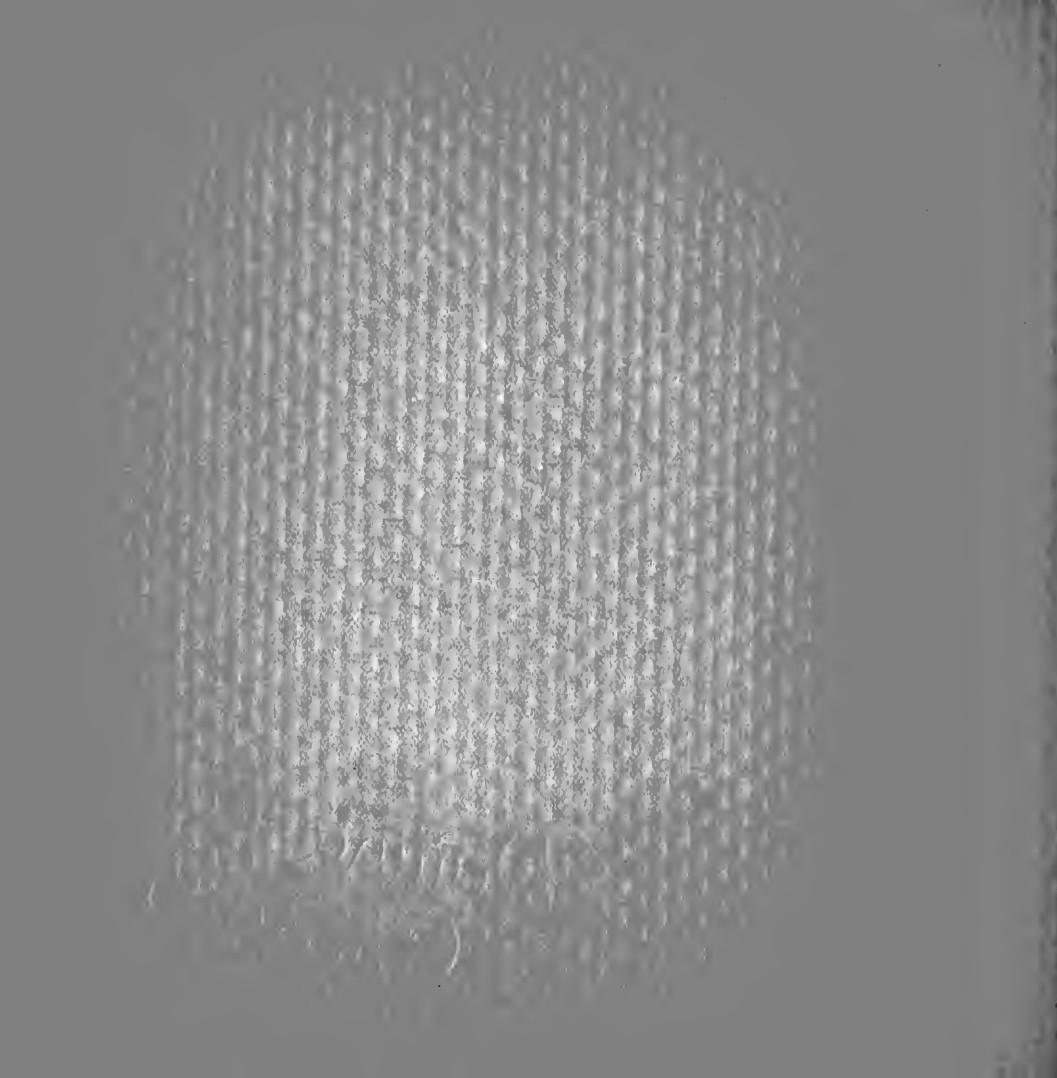


S 2359
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Dating the
Christmas-
tide.





WAITING THE
CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

33



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A
CROSS the land that all the harvest
Season, yielded bounteous store.

That from the Spring 'till close of Autumn
Brightest colored garments wore;

Now the Christmas light is shining

From the glowing skies o'erhead.

On wood and corn-field, glade and meadow,

Robed in purest white instead.



A
BOVE the low stone wall the brambles

Reach to clasp each other's hands.

While the wooden gate, neglected,

Open to the stranger stands.

Deserted now are trees and bushes

Whence the summer birds have fled.

Only where the owl slumbers

In the oak-tree's hollow bed.



THE generous snow, a heavy blanket

Over the bed of wheat has lain,

To keep it warm until the Spring-time

Comes to wake the sleeping grain.

In the air a peaceful stillness

Reigns in blessing everywhere,

As of nature calmly resting

From her days of toil and care.



With folded hands in quiet waiting

For the blessing from above,

For the smile that beams from Heaven

Over all, in light and love.

For the holy time of promise,

Christmas time of peace and cheer,

When the earth is filled with gladness

And the Angels hover near.

ANNIE C. MCQUEEN.





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